

MR. BLUEBEARD

As Introduced by HELEN WARE in the Military Drama

"THE DESERTERS"

Hudson Theatre, New York

Words and Music by ANNA ALICE CHAPIN, Co-Author of "The Deserters"

1. Now some... col-lect-ors hunt for gems, And he Oth-ers for
2. Now Blue-beard was a lov-ing soul, And he liked a

guns and knives, Pic-tures or lamps, or
lot on hand, But some... were chat-ty, and

ship-pers or stamps, But he col-lect-ed wives...
some... were cat-ty, And some he could not stand...

Some... of the wives... were fat and their short, Oth-ers were
Some... of the la-dies... dies lost and their hearts, Oth-ers their

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"THINK IT OVER MARY"—The Season's March Song Hit
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No. 253.

lean and long, But cold or tor-rid, or
heads and did miss, wheth-er they cried, then or

nice or hor-rid, They all of them sang this song:.....
wheth-er they died then, They al-ways brought up with this:.....

CHORUS.
"Oh, Mis-ter Blue-beard, I'm aw-ful-ly stuck on you! Oh, Mis-ter Blue-beard, what-
"Oh, Mis-ter Blue-beard, I'm aw-ful-ly stuck on you! Oh, Mis-ter Blue-beard, what-

ev-er am I to do?... They tell me your tem-ple's aw-ful, And your wives are un-luck-y
ev-er was I to do?... They told me your tem-ple was aw-ful, And your wives were un-luck-y

too,.... But I'll take a chance in a two-step dance, For I'm ter-ri-bly stuck on blue....
too,.... But I would take a chance in a two-step dance, For I always was stuck on blue....

Mr Bluebeard.

No. 253.

ITEMS OF INTEREST
TO G. P. O. WORKERS

S. H. Cluxton, who resigned as line-type machinist on account of ill health and is now living the simple life on the estate of his brother at Bolcaygon, Ontario, Canada, the place where John Berg, Harry Humble, the late Jim Bright, and Albert Reid, now in the Philippines, visited on a fishing trip a couple of years ago, writing to Louis Lippincott, says: "I have had one grand time here. We have lived on grouse, partridges, wild duck, rabbits, and deer. Our larder is well stocked and hangs on the hooks. The season closed on December 16. The weather has been pretty keen, zero weather every day and once down to 18 below; but you don't feel it here. My health is now fair, and I sometimes long for a sight of Washington, but not yet. Tell me about my old friend Jim Sprucebank. A merry Christmas to all my friends." Albert Reid's father lives at Bolcaygon.

Joe Stille, captain of the Arab patrol of Almas Temple, is one of the promising representatives to the Imperial Council of the Mystic Shrine to be held in Rochester, N. Y., next July.

John S. Parnell, who hails from Schenectady, N. Y., and who is one of the most highly esteemed young men in the foundry, was married on December 17 to Miss Emma S. Montague at the home of the bride's parents, 63 V street northwest. The young couple are residing at 28 Section place northwest, where they are at home to their friends.

Humphrey O'Sullivan, the rubber-heel man of Lowell, Mass., paid a visit to Washington recently on business with the Patent Office. Mr. O'Sullivan has amassed a fortune out of his inventions, but he still carries a paid-up card in the typographical union, and never forgets his friends in the printing business.

W. B. Johnson, now located at Salt Lake City, Utah, as an employee of the General Land Office, was cordially greeted by many of his former associates on a recent visit to the G. P. O.

E. W. Morcock, of the keyboard night force, was elected a representative to the Grand Lodge at the last meeting of Decatur Lodge, No. 9, KKnights of Pythias.

A little volume of Christmas greetings was forwarded yesterday to Mr. J. P. Morse, for many years head reviser on specifications, now retired, by his former associates. The greetings are both in prose and verse, and tell the old gentleman, who is now upward of fourscore, that he is still remembered.

W. L. Walsmith, of the editorial force, has been spending a few days among the scenes of his boyhood in Pennsylvania.

Miss Josephine Lange is now at Mexico City, Mexico, improved greatly in health.

In the December number of the Inland Printer appears an interesting write-up of the printing department of the Isthmian Commission at Cristobal, Panama, with half-tones of the plant and force and good pictures of Billy Garrett and Jarvis Moulden.

A frequent and always welcome visitor to his official capacity to the G. P. O. is

R. W. Ker, of the War Department. A former employee of the office, at one time assistant foreman of the document composing room, Mr. Ker knows what he wants and how to get it with the least trouble to the men who do the work.

At the last meeting of Century Lodge, K. P., Jesse Grant was elected master of finance and George B. Tallman representative to the Grand Lodge.

Foreman Harry Ziegler has succeeded in having one of the freight elevators assigned for the use of his proofroom force, which is a very welcome aid during the rush hours and duly appreciated.

James R. Wallace, chief of the computing division, is receiving congratulations on the arrival of a baby girl at his home.

Death has suddenly removed another of the veterans of the proof force, a man without an enemy, a man whose creed was the Golden Rule, who tried to make life as pleasant for all as he could, and who called every man his friend. Charles F. Fletcher was at his desk until closing time on December 17, in the best of spirits and apparently in good health. A few hours later he dropped dead on the street while walking with his wife. Mr. Fletcher was a native of Jamestown, N. Y., and was sixty-three years of age. He came to the office in 1882, and was employed part of the time as reader and part as copyholder up to the day of his death mostly on specification work. An intimate friend of the late Public Printer Palmer, he could have held preferred positions, but was content to serve in a minor capacity. His demotion from reader to copyholder was at his own request. He was a bit of a poet, an enjoyable companion who loved books, and music and flowers and all that is beautiful in life. The news of his death was a shock to all who knew him.

Comrades George Stull and Bill McCurdy were somewhat surprised one day recently with a call from a former Wheeling compatriot.

Chris Auracher has been doing duty all week in the document room with the handicap of a sprained ankle, but it has not affected his good humor.

Louie O'Neill, of the linotype force, has declined all invitations to Christmas dinners, declaring that after the job John O'Hern put up on his Thanksgiving day he will put no more trust in married friends.

L. H. Patterson has been promoted to the position of timekeeper of the proofroom. Mr. Patterson was secretary of Columbia Union many years ago, stands high in G. O. P. circles, and his many friends are pleased at his elevation.

Charley Spencer, of the proofroom, departed yesterday for his home in Pottsville, Pa., to spend the holidays with relatives.

In an institution like the G. P. O. there are many positions the duties of which require men of particular ability and adaptability, and the handling of the revises and keeping the schedules of the many different jobs that run through the proofroom during the day so as to be able to tell just how any job stands is one of them that takes men of cool heads and

alert minds and good tempers, and such men certainly are Jim Gallaher and Dan McCarthy.

Compositor F. A. Cogswell, of the document section day, had his pocket picked on Thursday evening, at the Mount Vernon station, Twelfth street and the Avenue, while boarding the train for his home at Ballston, Va. The contents of his purse amounted to \$21.

Victor L. Berger, Representative-elect from Milwaukee, Wis., carries an I. T. W. card as a member of the Milwaukee Newswriters' Union.

W. L. Pierce, of the document section, is still on the sick list. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery and return to office.

Frank Lerch is the choice of the local association for Washington commissioner in the Printers' National Baseball League.

For the bookbinders' entertainment at Pythian Temple, December 31, some of the best talent of the District has been engaged and the programme will include the Nordica Mandolin and Guitar Club, in two numbers, Walter T. Holt, director; Mrs. Jessie Spencer Hovey, soprano; Charles E. Myers, tenor; Mr. Arthur Middleton, bass; George H. O'Connor, popular colored melodies; Fred E. Barbour, comic recitations; W. A. Anglin, monologue artist, and the Bookbinders' Glee Club in popular selections. The music will be furnished by Director C. V. Samuels' Society Orchestra. Among the officials of the G. P. O. who have been

invited, besides the Public Printer and Deputy Public Printer, are August Donath, John R. Berg, W. J. Dow, and Frank C. Wallace.

The body of Mrs. Sarah C. Morgan, wife of W. A. Morgan, of the proofroom, who died at Sibley Hospital on Tuesday last, was taken to her former home in Pennsylvania for interment.

The contributions for charity by the employees of the big printing office during the past week were, as they always are, many and liberal, and many a poor family will enjoy the glad Christmas time through the efforts of the men and women who see to it every year that the proper collections are made and disbursed.

President George Berry, of the International Printing Pressmen and Assistants' Union, who has been on the ground almost continuously for the past three months, is enthusiastic over the progress made by the builders with the sanitation for sick and aged members his organization is erecting at Hale Springs, Tenn.

Howard F. Rieg, a well-known compositor, was assigned to the document section day temporarily, on Monday morning.

William E. Lewis, of Philadelphia, was among the temporary assignments to the monotype section on Monday morning. Mr. Lewis was a former employee of the G. P. O., and resigned a maker-up position on the "Y." three years ago, to engage in the truck-farming business in one

of the enterprising suburban towns on the main line near Philadelphia. He was accorded a hearty welcome in the document day section during the lunch hour. Judging from his appearance the outdoor life agreed with him, as he looks as youthful as ever.

Comrade Wallace Brewer, of the day document section, passed another milestone in life's journey on December 19. Although Mr. Brewer has long since joined the class of "among the oldest employees," observing friends remark that he has changed but little in the past forty years of government service.

On Tuesday last George R. C. Phillips, father of John A. Phillips, a well-known employee of the "snappy end," document section day, passed away at his son's residence, 943 S street northwest, due to old age. Mr. Phillips was seventy-nine years old. The body was conveyed to Houston, Va., for interment.

Chairman Frank M. Hatley, of the document section night, collected a creditable sum of money in his chapel for the benefit of the needy and deserving families of the members of Columbia Union, 161.

President Roberts, of Columbia Union, No. 111, has been unable to work the past week, owing to sickness.

Comrade Williamson, of the document section, is still confined to his room, 67 I street northwest, due to recent injuries sustained to his left leg.

Playing the old men for one of the leading moving picture film companies is a former printer who in his day was considered about the handsomest actor on the American stage. He was at one time looked upon as the logical successor of America's leading tragedian. He was well known clear across the continent as a printer before he took to the stage. His first good engagement was as leading man of the stock company at the Leland Opera House, Albany, N. Y., in the days when the stock played many parts in one week. Then he went to McVicker's, Chicago, and was the leading man for one of the best companies that city ever boasted of. He then engaged for the leads in the company of one of the great tragedians, and for several seasons was praised everywhere for his art in such characters as Iago in "Othello," Julius in "Julius Caesar," Macduff in "Macbeth," Laertes in "Hamlet," and Richmond in "Richard III." In fact, it was said that the star was somewhat jealous of him. Playing an engagement here in Washington, the bill on Saturday night being "Richard III," the handsome leading man was late in getting on, his appearance as Richmond only being in the last act, and it was said the star gave him a call down, and those who saw it will always remember the sword combat at that performance as being pretty near the real thing. The leading man threw up his engagement that night and has never played in Washington since. But he is still a very handsome man, even as a picture actor.

The most unique and attractive Christmas greeting it has been our good fortune to receive is that from Miss Anna Wilson, trustee of the Union Printers' Home. It is an original design of pure letter-press printing from the press of Lewis M. Thayer. Miss Wilson will spend her holidays in indulging in a trip to Bermuda.

Twenty families of the members of G. P. O. Council, National Union, will enjoy their Christmas turkeys to-day at the expense of that organization, that being the number of fortunate ones to attend the last meeting, of which, strange to relate, Mr. Nachman was not one this time.

Last Christmas the members of the day force of the keyboard room were the recipients of a Christmas tree, on which

JUDGE SAYS CRIPPEN
SHOULD NOT HAVE DIED

Since the execution of Dr. Crippen in England, following a trial which, while it convinced every one that he was probably guilty, left in many minds an uncomfortable doubt concerning a vital point—the death of the woman he was accused of killing—the papers have reported an unusual number of cases where justice went wrong. Of the question of Crippen's guilt, the Mexican Herald editorially states that "there yet remains doubt which, from time to time, as this famous case is recalled, is bound to insinuate itself into men's minds." It certainly is.

It will be remembered that ex-Justice Brown, of the Supreme Court of the United States, expressed grave doubt about the identification of the body that was found in Crippen's cellar. He did not hesitate to say that, in his judgment, Crippen should not be put to death. Dead men tell no tales; neither do they profit by belated confessions. Lawyers have a very high opinion of circumstantial evidence, but it may be that ultimately public opinion will demand a margin of safety in cases resting upon such evidence and calling for a choice between the infliction of the death penalty and sentence to imprisonment. There is no margin of safety for the man on whom the curtain has been rung down. Evidence that comes then comes too late.

Very recently in Ohio a man was considered of murder and sentenced to die on the last day of this month. The evidence against him was very strong, but it was all circumstantial. Evidently it was sufficient to convince the prosecuting attorney, the jury, and the president judge that when the prisoner had been executed justice would have been done. But it seems that this man was not guilty. He was more fortunate than some others have been in that his innocence was established in time. The incident and its lesson are thus discussed by the Richmond Times-Dispatch:

"It now has come to light that the man condemned to death is innocent. The real murderer has confessed. He owned up just in time to save the life of the condemned man. Confession is too often delayed until it is of no avail to either the innocent or the guilty. The annals of crime are filled with such instances. A large-sized book has been issued telling of instances wherein innocent men have suffered the death penalty for crimes which they did not commit. Such cases are not the only arguments against capital punishment. The law is not always sure in its findings."

An interesting story comes from Pittsburgh, where Andrew Toth has spent twenty years in the penitentiary, serving a life sentence for murder. Now word comes from Hungary that a man of the same name, but no relation, has confessed that he is the real murderer and said that Andrew Toth had no hand in the crime. This story will, of course, have to be very carefully investigated. It may not be true. The point—and it is impressive—is that if Andrew Toth had been hanged the investigation would have had no interest for him. If he is innocent, his sentence to life imprisonment, while wholly unjust, was safer and better than a death sentence.

was a present for each one from the night force chapel, and this day chapel reciprocated in like manner.

C. P. Ross, of the keyboard section, is proudly exhibiting a handsome and valuable emblem that the order recently presented him by Fentolph Lodge, F. A. M.

S. F. McBride, of the proofroom, who suffered a stroke of paralysis some two months since, is reported as much improved and glad to welcome his friends at 3 Seventh street southeast.

WHEN CHRISTMAS TIME COMES.

They're a kind of feel in the air, to me,
When Christmas time sets in,
That's about as much of a mystery
As ever I've run agin'
For instance, now, while I gain in weight
And general health, I swear
They're a goodness owner's I can't quite state—
A kind of feel in the air.

They're a feel in the Christmas air goes right
To the spot where a nation lives at;
It gives a feller a appetite—
They ain't no doubt about that!
And yet they's some- I don't know what—
That follows me here and there,
And haunts and worries and scares me not,
A kind of feel in the air!

They're a feel, as I say, in the air that's just
As touchingly sad as sweet!
In the same re-echo as I feel the beat
And am myself on my feet.
They're a kind of sort of a ache
That I can't locate nowhere,
But it comes with Christmas and so mistake!
A kind of feel in the air.

Is it the racket the children make?
No, no! And bless 'em! No!
Is it the eyes and the cheeks a-laze
Like my own son's long ago?
Is it the beat of the whistle and beat
Of the little toy drum and bane
Of the home? No, No! It is just the sweet,
The sweet feel in the air.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Bismarck and Women.

Bismarck is revealed as an advocate of women's suffrage in a hitherto unpublished conversation which a young woman had with the iron chancellor on the eve of his retirement from public life. The text of the conversation will be read at a political meeting this week, and will appear in pamphlet form. Bismarck is quoted as saying:

"What I am I have become through my wife. I respect every woman who elevates us men, teaches us religion and morality, preserves our ideals, and scatters roses along the path of our earthly life. I have long wished for the co-operation of women in politics, but we are not yet advanced enough."

"Women should not encroach upon men, but should influence and soften them and lead us to good works. Mark my words: the day will come when women will be called to co-operate in politics."

"We men are all clumsy. We Germans, especially, are bears. So are the diplomats. Moreover, if women were in politics fewer secrets would become public, for a clever feminine mouth can keep silent."

Modern Home Philosophy.

The New Mother—You know hygienic science has demonstrated that many of the old ideas about children are absolutely pernicious to the race. The Old Mother—Yes, I understand the new philosophy says the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that wrecks the world.

For a Safe Hunting Season.

By abolishing the use of powder, after the fashion of the safe and sane Fourth of July, the hunting season might be made as free from accident as the new Independence Day.



Ruth, Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schulte.